SLOW DEATH
NO. 5
LAST GASP
GREETINGS CITIZENS OF EARTH... ...FROM THE "INTER-GALACTIC FEDERATION OF SUNS"... WE COME IN PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP.... ...GLURK!!
YAHOO!
SPLATT
GIT THEM BOOGERS!
ADULTS $1.00 ONLY
Rand

SLOW DEATH 5
COVER - R. CORBEN & RAND HOLMES, TOM VEITCH, GREG IRONS, CHARLES DALLAS, JAXON and SHERIDAN © 1973
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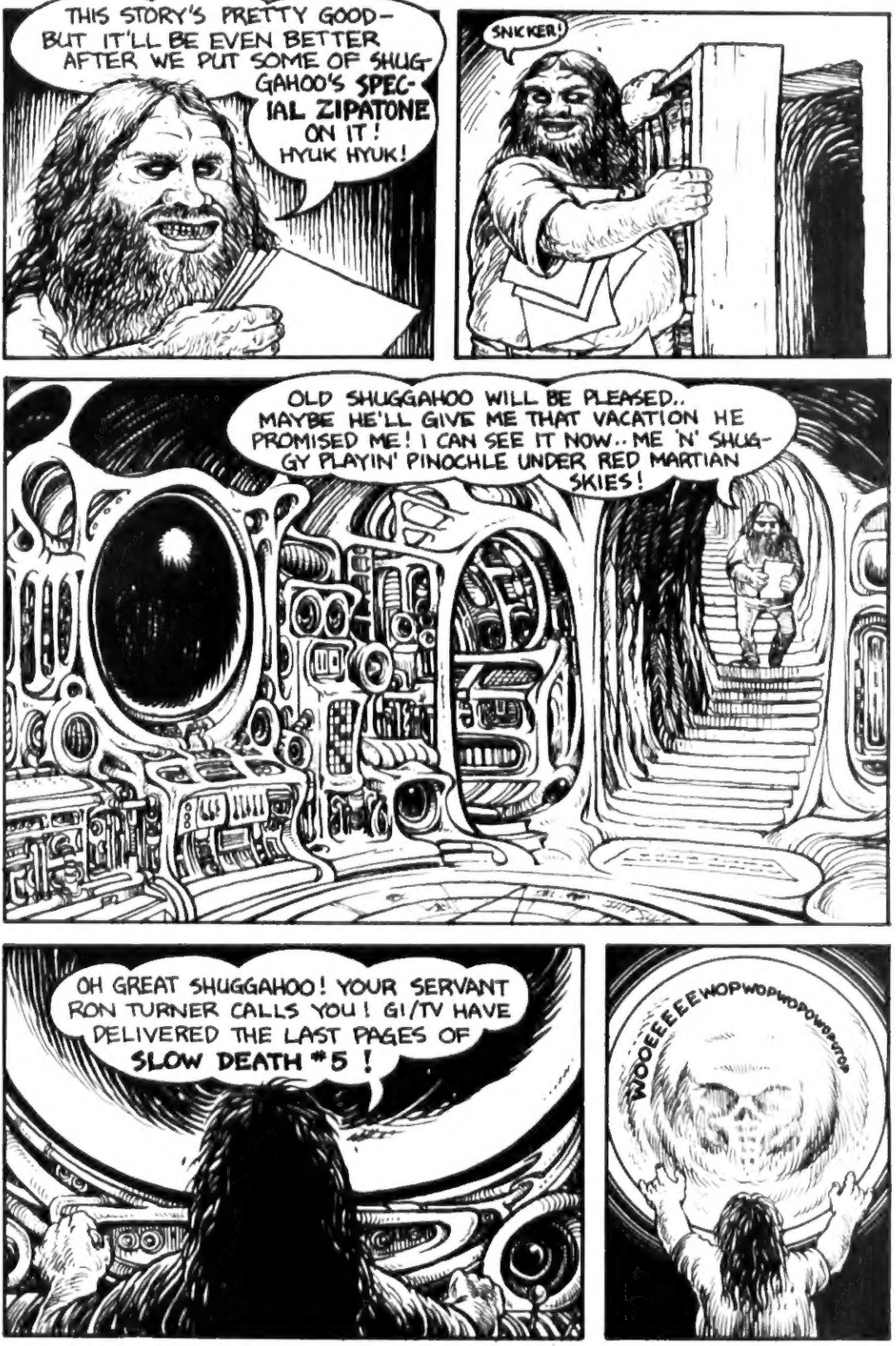
BERKELY, CALIF. 94701 ··· R. TURNER, EDITOR
• 1ST PRINTING 20,000 COPIES •
SLOW DEATH
ANCIENT MUTILATION TECHNIQUES
GUNS
MORE MURDERS
FLOODS
A-TEST
SHERIDAN '73

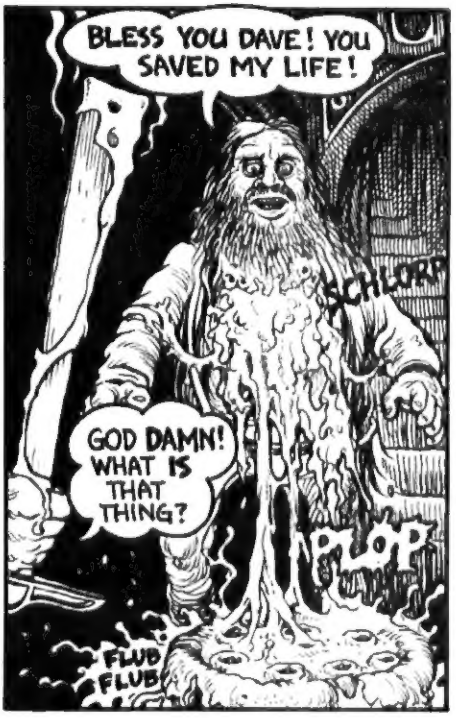
YEP, IT'S DEADLINE TIME AGAIN AT THE SLOW DEATH EDITORIAL OFFICES ... AS USUAL, GI/TV ARE THE LAST TO GET THEIR "ARTWORK" IN ... THAT'S ONE REASON WHY THEY CALL THIS STORY...
LAST GASP
GREAT, BOYS! THAT'S A SUPERLATIVE COMIC STRIP! THE FANS WILL GO APESHIT OVER IT!
NO SWEAT, BIG RON- WAN' MONEY!
HEY TV- DONCHA THINK BIG RON SEEMS A LITTLE WEIRD?..YOU SEE HIS EYES?
YEH..NO PUPILS! BUT WHO GIVES A SHIT LONG AS HE KEEPS COUGHIN' UP THE BREAD!
HOME OF LAST GASP ECCHO FUNNIES INC
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT.. AFTER ALL, WE'RE ONLY IN IT FOR THE MONEY! ... AND THE COKE! ... AND THE GROUPIES!
RAT ON, BRUF!
BAR


THIS STORY'S PRETTY GOOD- BUT IT'LL BE EVEN BETTER AFTER WE PUT SOME OF SHUG-GAHOO'S SPEC-IAL ZIPATONE ON IT! HYUK HYUK!
SNICKER!
OLD SHUGGAHOO WILL BE PLEASED.. MAYBE HE'LL GIVE ME THAT VACATION HE PROMISED ME! I CAN SEE IT NOW.. ME 'N' SHUG-GY PLAYIN' PINOCHLE UNDER RED MARTIAN SKIES!
OH GREAT SHUGGAHOO! YOUR SERVANT RON TURNER CALLS YOU! GI/TV HAVE DELIVERED THE LAST PAGES OF SLOW DEATH #5!
WOOEEEEEWOPWOPWOPWOPWOP

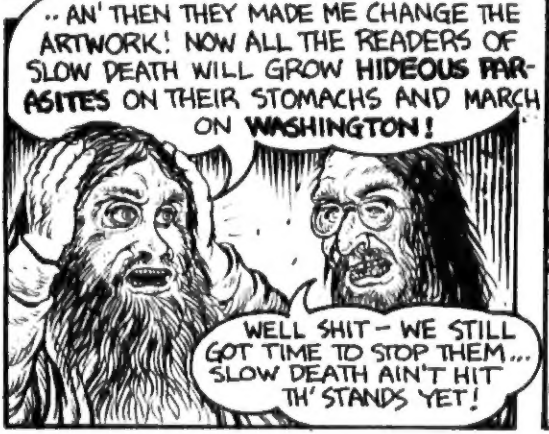
IT IS GOOD, RON TURNER! YOU HAVE CARRIED YOUR "LITTLE PASSENGER" WELL! NOW YOU MUST APPLY THE CODED DOT SCREENS CAREFULLY SO THE READERS CAN RECEIVE THE LAST SUBLIMINAL MESSAGE OF LORD SHUGGAHOO!
WHIP OUT THE ZIP, BOSS— WE'RE READY TO RIP!
SHUGGAHOO TRANSMITS HIS CODED ZIPATONE PATTERNS WHICH ACT CHEMICALLY ON THE HUMAN BRAIN!
FLASH
FLASH
CHIKA CHI
KLIKA KLIKA KLIKA
AFTER THIS ISSUE, THE READERS TOO WILL BE READY TO CARRY MY LITTLE PASSENGERS!
HAIL SHUGGAHOO!
OK, JOCKO— SHAKE YER BUTT! HERES THE LAST STRIP FOR SLOW DEATH #5!
I'VE ALMOST FINISHED CHANGING THE SCREENS ON CORBEN'S EXQUISITE RENDERINGS SIR!
YER A GOOD CHIMP, JOCKO, EVEN IF YA DO EAT TOO MANY BANANAS! I'LL PUT IN A GOOD WORD FOR YA WHEN THIS IS OVER!

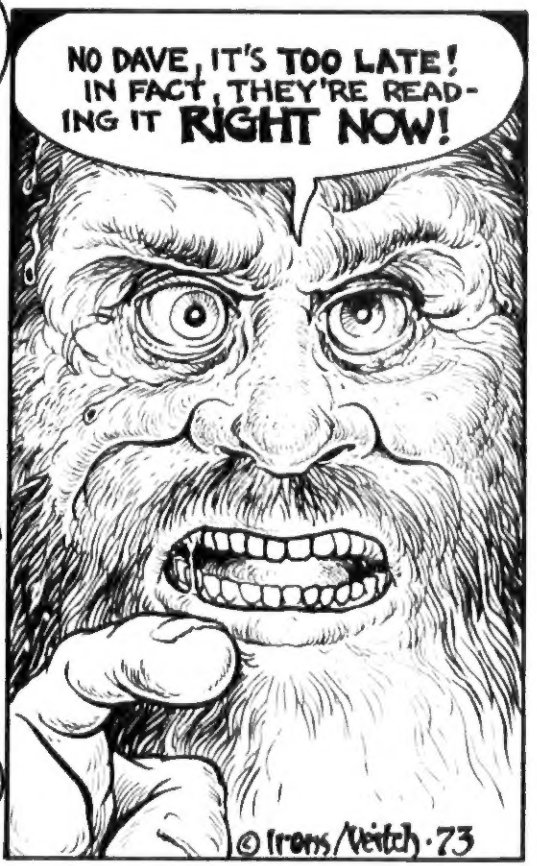
SOME DAYS LATER...
OBOY! I FINALLY GOT "TALES OF THE LEATHER NUN" FINISHED.. AFTER TWO YEARS.. HOPE RON GIVES ME A BONUS!
LAST GASP
R. TURNER
RAP / RAP
SHIT.. RON SAID HE'D BE HERE AT 2:00!
RON? HEY RON?!
?
...AND THEN SHE SAYS "SO IF THAT'S YOUR PRICK, WHAT'S THIS THING IN MY MOUTH!?" HAW! HAW!
I'M AFRAID YOUR JOKES SOUND AWFULLY LAME IN MARTIAN, RON TURNER!
HEY.. RON..?
OH.
YAAA!
OH, HI SHERIDAN... HOW'S YOUR MOM?
KILL HIM!
JESUS CHRIST!
SNURK
GURGLE
SLUP
GORK

ME KILL ...WHA?
BACK OFF, RON! THESE HANDS GOT 30 YEARS OF GOOD DRAWIN' LEFT IN'EM!
SWISH!
GURK!
SLUSH!
STEEL T-SQUARE


BLESS YOU DAVE! YOU SAVED MY LIFE!
SCHLORP
GOD DAMN! WHAT IS THAT THING?
PLOP
FLUB FLUB

IT'S THE MARTIANS, DAVE! AT FIRST I THOUGHT I'D SPILLED SOME PIZZA ON MY SHIRT AND THE NEXT THING I KNOW THE GODDAM THING'S DRY-HUMPING ME IN THE ELEVATOR!
URP!
GAG!


.. AN' THEN THEY MADE ME CHANGE THE ARTWORK! NOW ALL THE READERS OF SLOW DEATH WILL GROW HIDEOUS PARASITES ON THEIR STOMACHS AND MARCH ON WASHINGTON!
WELL SHIT - WE STILL GOT TIME TO STOP THEM... SLOW DEATH AIN'T HIT TH' STANDS YET!


NO DAVE, IT'S TOO LATE! IN FACT, THEY'RE READING IT RIGHT NOW!
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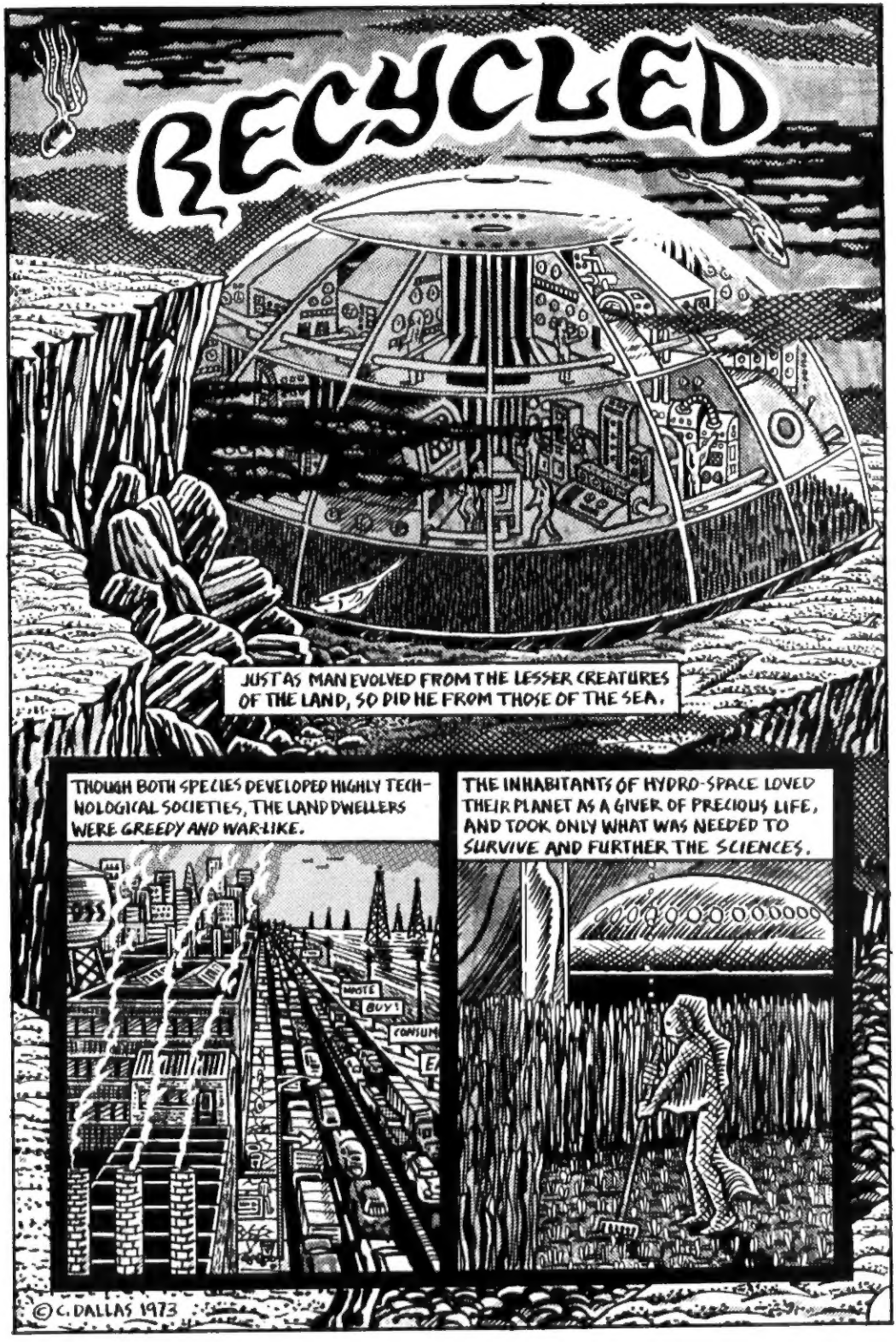
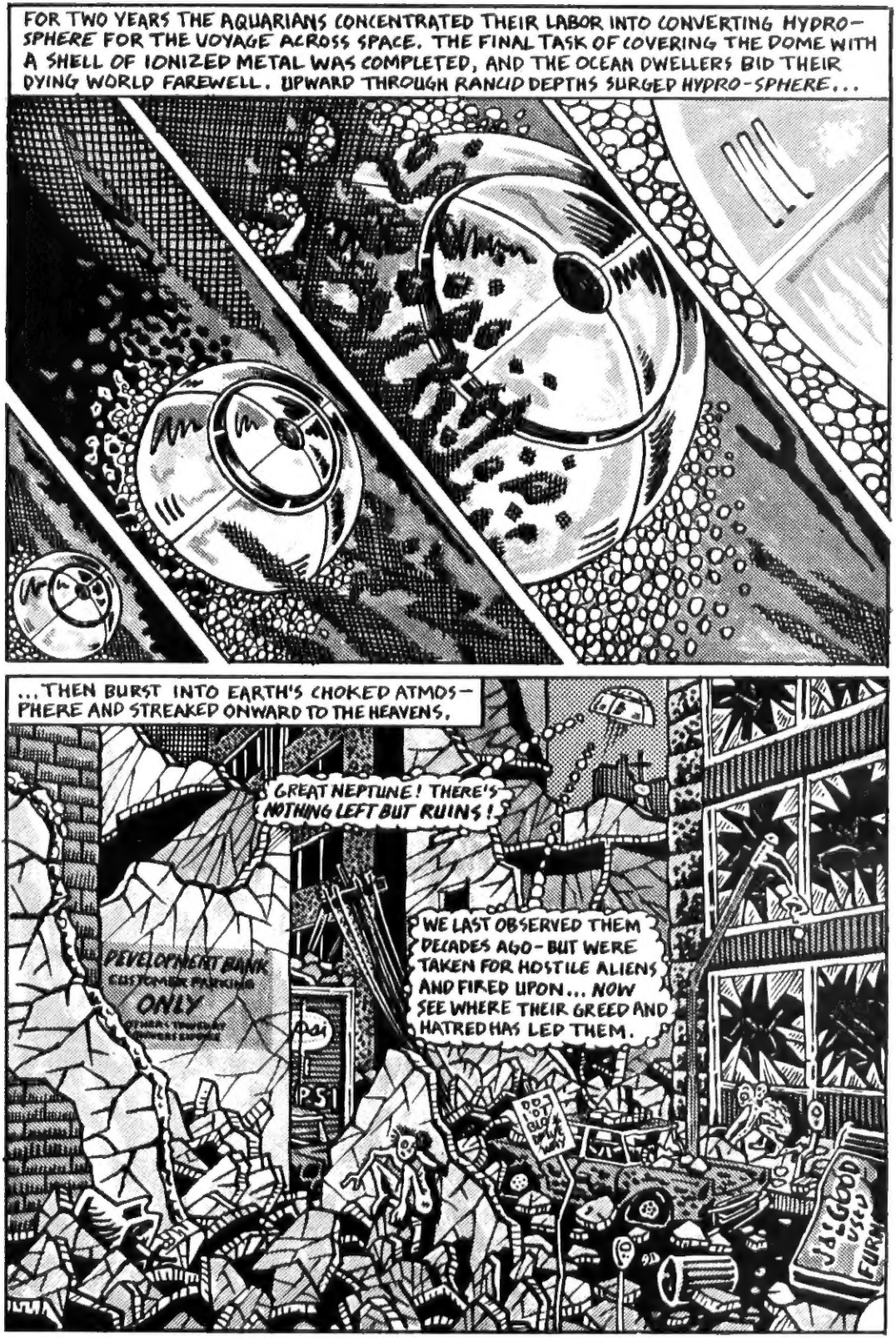

RECYCLED
JUST AS MAN EVOLVED FROM THE LESSER CREATURES OF THE LAND, SO DID HE FROM THOSE OF THE SEA.
THOUGH BOTH SPECIES DEVELOPED HIGHLY TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIETIES, THE LAND DWELLERS WERE GREEDY AND WAR-LIKE.
WASTE
BUY!
THE INHABITANTS OF HYDRO-SPACE LOVED THEIR PLANET AS A GIVER OF PRECIOUS LIFE, AND TOOK ONLY WHAT WAS NEEDED TO SURVIVE AND FURTHER THE SCIENCES.
© C. DALLAS 1973

BUT AFTER CENTURIES OF TERRAN WASTE BEING POURED INTO THE SEAS AND AIR, SURVIVAL WAS A GRIM PROSPECT FOR EITHER RACE.
EVEN AT THE OCEAN'S FLOOR ALL LIFE HAD CEASED, EXCEPT THAT BENEATH THE WATER-FILLED CRYSTAL DOME OF THE CITY OF HYDRO-SPHERE.
ALREADY OUR POPULATION HAS BEEN REDUCED TO THE MERE HANDFUL GATHERED HERE— AND MANY OF US ARE STERILE OR DYING FROM POISONS TO WHICH WE CANNOT ADJUST. THE SEAS ARE SO FOULED OUR DOME CAN NO LONGER FILTER FROM THEM CLEAN WATER FOR OUR CITY. WE ARE A DOOMED RACE...
...UNLESS WE EVACUATE THIS PLANET IMMEDIATLY! OUR SPACE PROBES HAVE FINALLY LOCATED A SISTER WORLD OF EARTH. THERE MIGHT WE LIVE IN PEACE!
GAK CHOKE


FOR TWO YEARS THE AQUARIANS CONCENTRATED THEIR LABOR INTO CONVERTING HYDRO-SPHERE FOR THE VOYAGE ACROSS SPACE. THE FINAL TASK OF COVERING THE DOME WITH A SHELL OF IONIZED METAL WAS COMPLETED, AND THE OCEAN DWELLERS BID THEIR DYING WORLD FAREWELL. UPWARD THROUGH RANCID DEPTHS SURGED HYDRO-SPHERE...
...THEN BURST INTO EARTH'S CHOKED ATMOS-PHERE AND STREAKED ONWARD TO THE HEAVENS.
GREAT NEPTUNE! THERE'S NOTHING LEFT BUT RUINS!
WE LAST OBSERVED THEM DECADES AGO - BUT WERE TAKEN FOR HOSTILE ALIENS AND FIRED UPON... NOW SEE WHERE THEIR GREED AND HATRED HAS LED THEM.
DEVELOPMENT BANK
CUSTOMER PARKING
ONLY
PS1
DDT
FURN

AS HYDROSPHERE APPROACHED THE SPEED OF LIGHT A SPACE WARP WAS EFFECTED...
WITHIN DAYS, THE REFUGEES WERE HOVERING OVER THEIR NEW HOME.
THERE'S A CIVILIZATION DOWN THERE—BUT OUR PROBES REPORTED THIS PLANET TO BE UNINHABITED!
CLOSER INSPECTION PRODUCED A STARTLING DISCOVERY...
IT'S THE TERRANS! BUT HOW? WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE?
UNITED STAT RELOCATION EXPEDITION CX1093
THE ANSWER IS OBVIOUS...UNABLE TO SURVIVE ON THE RAVAGED EARTH, THEY, LIKE OURSELVES, SOUGHT REFUGE ON THIS NEAREST PLANET WITH COMPARABLE CHEMISTRY. IT WAS DURING THE TWO YEARS WE LABORED ON HYDROSPHERE THAT THEY BUILT THIS COLONY.
4

THE PROBES HAVE CHARTED ALTERNATE WORLDS TO WHICH WE CAN MIGRATE...
BZT
BLINK
BUT WHO CAN SAY IF THE TERRANS, WHEN THEY'VE DEVESTATED THIS WORLD AS THEY DID EARTH, WILL NOT FOL-LOW? THE TIME HAS COME THAT WE CAN NO LONGER HIDE—BUT MUST DESTROY OUR EVIL BRO-THERS... IT IS OUR... COSMIC DUTY!
BUT WE LACK WEAPONRY TO OPPOSE THEIRS —ALREADY THEY USE IT AGAINST US!
BOOM
THERE IS A WAY... HISTORY TELLS OF OUR FORE FATHERS WHO FOUND IN EARTH'S OCEANS HUGE DRUMS OF TERRAN ORIGIN, ANALYZED AS CONTAINING A TERRI-BLE POISON—CAPABLE OF KILLING OUR PLANET MANY TIMES OVER. THE DRUMS WERE TRANSPORTED TO A LIFELESS ASTEROID IN DEEP SPACE TO PROTECT EARTH FROM ANY LEAKAGE. NOW WE MUST RETRIEVE THEM AND USE THE POISON ON IT'S CREATERS— THE TERRANS BELOW.

THE PLAN MET AGREEMENT AND ANOTHER SPACE WARP PUT HYDROSPHERE WITHIN SIGHT OF THE ASTEROID.
HMMMMM
THE DEADLY CANNISTERS WERE TAKEN ABOARD..
.. AND THE RETURN TRIP BEGUN.
OUR INTENTIONS CONDEMN THAT YOUNG PLANET
... BUT IS IT NOT DOOMED ANYWAY, IF THE TERRANS ARE LEFT UNCHECKED?
AND HOW MANY MORE BESIDES?
RETURNING TO THE OCCUPIED PLANET AFTER SEVERAL MONTHS SHIP-TIME, BUT THREE HUNDRED YEARS OTHERWISE, THE AQUARIANS FOUND THE ONCE TINY COLONY HAD GROWN INTO...
... CITIES—COVERING THE LAND! MALIGNANT CONCRETE DEATH!.. OUR COURSE OF ACTION IS NOW CLEAR...
OPEN THE CARGO CHUTES.

THE CANNISTERS SHATTERED AGAINST UNGIVING FIRMAMENT AND THEIR CONTENTS SWEPT ACROSS THE TINY PLANET LIKE A PLAGUE, LEAVING AGONY AND DEATH IN IT'S WAKE.
*THIS OBJECT CORRESPONDS EXACTLY TO OBJECTS EXCAVATED ON PLANET SS-3170 IN SECTOR 202!
* INTERESTING INDEED, BUT NOT RELEVANT TO THE URGENT MATTER OF FINDING A SUITABLE PLANET TO WHICH OUR RACE CAN MIGRATE.
NERVE GAS GB
U.S. ARMY DPG SW
PERHAPS SOME FUTURE SPACE TRAVELERS WILL HAPPEN UPON TWO DEAD PLANETS, LIGHT YEARS APART. THEY MIGHT WONDER ABOUT THE PRESENCE ON BOTH OF IDENTICAL RUINS, ARTIFACTS, AND BONES. BUT WILL THEY EVER REALLY UNDERSTAND?
* TRANSLATION
DALLAS
END.

WELCOME ABOARD THE "UNITED STATES STARSHIP ALDEBARAN" AS IT MAKES THE TRANSITION FROM "WARP-SPACE" INTO THE PLANETARY SYSTEM OF EARTHS' NEAREST SOLAR NEIGHBOR..... LIGHT UP ONE OF THEM FUNNY CIGARETTES AND JOIN HER 2300 MAN CREW IN THIS STORY I CALL ..... .
Museum Piece
WE'VE MADE IT SIR!... WE'RE IN THE ALPHA CENTAURI SYSTEM .. COURSE DEVIATION IS LESS THAN .01 PERCENT!
YES INDEED LIEUTENANT THE 'FASTER-THAN-LIGHT DRIVE" APPEARS TO HAVE FUNCTIONED PERFECTLY
Rand - 77

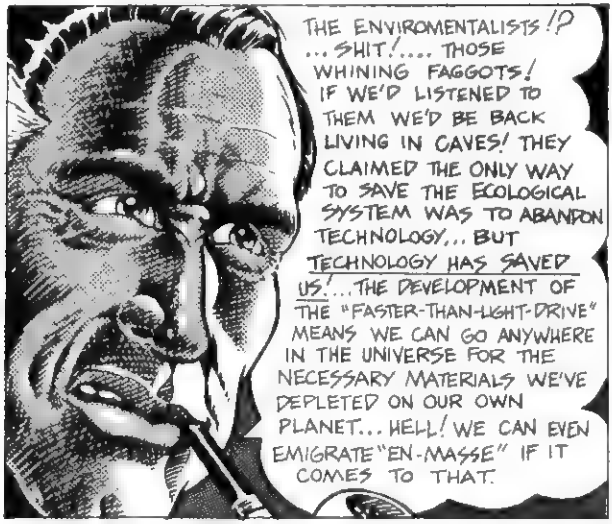
SEEMS INCREDIBLE SIR! FOUR LIGHT YEARS IN LESS THAN A WEEK
GOOD OL' AMERICAN "KNOW-HOW" LIEUTENANT
U.S.A.
COMPUTER SCAN INDICATES ELEVEN PLANETS SIR... TWO OF THEM HOPEFUL..
PROGRAM A COURSE FOR THE MOST LIKELY ONE THEN!
SEVERAL HOURS LATER
WE'VE ESTABLISHED ORBIT AROUND CENTAURI IX COMMANDER NITIAL SENSOR PROBE INDICATES AN ATMOSPHERE CAPABLE OF LIFE SUPPORT
THANKYOU LIEUTENANT.
HAVE THE SECTION COMMANDERS MEET ME IN THE BRIDGE WILL YOU?
WELL GENTLEMEN ACCORDING TO THIS PRELIMINARY MAP SUPPLIED BY THE COMPUTER THERE ARE THREE MAJOR CONTINENTS ON THIS "MUDBALL"

TOM, YOU CAN HANDLE THE SMALL ONE WITH YOUR SECTION... EMMET, YOU TAKE D-SECTION AS WELL AS YOUR OWN AND COVER THE NORTHERN CONTINENT AND MAJOR HARDWICK AND MYSELF WILL TAKE CARE OF THE LARGE ONE. THE SHIP-TO-GROUND VEHICLES ARE IN THE PROCESS OF BEING FUELED SO WE'LL LEAVE AT 1300 HOURS
AND LET'S HOPE TO CHRIST WE FIND WHAT WE CAME FOR!!
EVERY THING'S READY SIR!
GET THE AIRLOCKS OPEN AND LET'S GO THEN!

PUT EM DOWN ON THE OPEN PLAIN BESIDE THAT RIVER SQUADRON LEADER

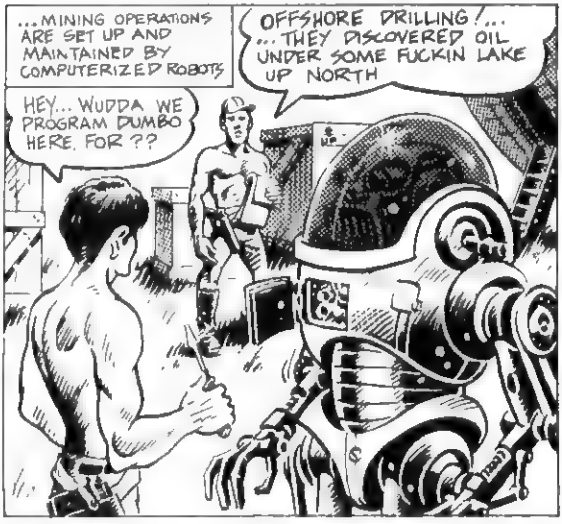
TREES!... PLANTS!!... ANIMAL LIFE!.. IT'S EVERYTHING WE'D HOPED FOR SIR
EVEN PEOPLE LIEUTENANT
PEOPLE!? HERE?
SPOTTED 'EM WHEN WE WERE COMING IN... WE'RE PROBABLY A MORE COMMON LIFE FORM THAN WE'D CARE TO BELIEVE

I GUESS THIS MEANS WE'LL HAVE TO REVISE THE ORIGINAL PROGRAM..... ..WORK OUT SOME FORM OF TRADE OR BARTER SYSTEM....
DON'T BE ABSURD LIEUTENANT WE DON'T HAVE ANY TIME TO WASTE DICKERING WITH SAVAGES OUR COUNTRY DESPERATELY NEEDS A FRESH SUPPLY OF NATURAL RESOURCES...THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE!
B..BUT... IT'S THEIR WORLD!
HELL! NORTH AMERICA ONCE BELONGED TO INDIANS! FOR GOD'S SAKE LIEUTENANT THEY'RE ONLY GOOKS! IN VIET NAM IN THE OLD DAYS WE USED TO KILL 'EM BY THE THOUSANDS! AND THAT WAS JUST OVER OIL RIGHTS! HERE THE RESOURCES OF AN ENTIRE PLANET ARE AT STAKE SURELY YOU'RE NOT SUGGESTING WE BETRAY THE INTERESTS OF OUR COUNTRY
NO SIR...OF COURSE NOT ..BUT...PERHAPS IF WE'D ONLY LISTENED TO THE WARNINGS OF THE ENVIRONMENTALISTS WHEN THERE WAS STILL TIME TO CHANGE...TO ADAPT . PERHAPS IT WOULDN'T HAVE TO BE..LIKE THIS..


THE ENVIROMENTALISTS!? ...SHIT!.... THOSE WHINING FAGGOTS! IF WE'D LISTENED TO THEM WE'D BE BACK LIVING IN CAVES! THEY CLAIMED THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE THE ECOLOGICAL SYSTEM WAS TO ABANDON TECHNOLOGY,.. BUT TECHNOLOGY HAS SAVED US!...THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE "FASTER-THAN-LIGHT-DRIVE" MEANS WE CAN GO ANYWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE FOR THE NECESSARY MATERIALS WE'VE DEPLETED ON OUR OWN PLANET... HELL! WE CAN EVEN EMIGRATE "EN-MASSE" IF IT COMES TO THAT.

NOW INFORM THE MEN THAT I WANT THE ROBOTS AND THE GROUND VEHICLES UNCRATED AND ASSEMBLED BY NIGHTFALL AT THE LATEST
YESSIR!

AND SO BEGINS THE SYSTEMATIC RAPE OF AN ENTIRE PLANET
KLANK KLAWK
AS OIL AND MINERAL DEPOSITS ARE GRADUALLY LOCATED BY THE ALDEBARANS SCIENTIFIC PERSONNEL...
KLIK KLIK


...MINING OPERATIONS ARE SET UP AND MAINTAINED BY COMPUTERIZED ROBOTS
OFFSHORE DRILLING!... ...THEY DISCOVERED OIL UNDER SOME FUCKIN LAKE UP NORTH
HEY... WUDDA WE PROGRAM DUMBO HERE, FOR??

AND THE RESULTANT MATERIALS ARE SHUTTLED TO THE CAVERNOUS STORAGE HOLDS OF THE ORBITING MOTHER SHIP

SEEMS ODD THAT THOSE PEOPLE HAVE MADE NO EFFORT TO CONTACT US IN ALL THIS TIME, SIR..... AND IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME TWO OUT THERE, ONE MAN-ONE WOMAN, JUST WATCHING US.
THEY'RE PROBABLY JUST PLAIN SCARED SHITLESS OF US LIEUTENANT... THINK WE'RE GODS OR SOME DAMN THING... ...LISTEN, I WANT YOU TO REQUISITION A VEHICLE AND DRIVER AND GO OVER TO THE BAUXITE "DIGS"... THEY'VE GOT A PROBLEM OF SOME KIND... SEE IF YOU CAN PACIFY THEM WILL YOU?
I'M AFRAID YOU'RE SHIT-OUT-OF-LUCK LIEUTENANT ...ALL THE VEHICLES ARE OUT... WON'T HAVE ONE TIL NOON ANYWAYS.
FUCK IT!. I'LL WALK IT'S ONLY A MILE OR SO
IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL HERE

THEY SAY EARTH WAS ONCE LIKE THIS..... ... SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE
HELLO LIEUTENANT RAWLINS
WHAAA!!?
IT'S HER!!.. THE NATIVE GIRL! BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE..SHE KNOWS MY NAME.....AND SHE'S SPEAKING ENGLISH F'CHRISAKE!
THERE'S REALLY NO NEED TO POINT THAT WEAPON AT ME STEVE.. MAY I CALL YOU STEVE?...I'VE BEEN WANTING TO MEET YOU FOR SOME TIME

B..BUT...HOW DO YOU KNOW OUR LANGUAGE?...MY NAME??
I LEARNED FROM YOUR MIND, STEVE ...YOUR WORD FOR IT IS...TELEPATHY
WHEN I SAW YOU LEAVE ALONE ON FOOT TODAY I FOLLOWED YOU...I'M SORRY IF I STARTLED YOU....
IT'S JUST THAT I FEEL SO STRONGLY ATTRACTED TO YOU...
NOT HERE!.. YOUR FRIENDS FROM THE SHIP USE THIS AS A PATH...HA HA... ..SOMEONE WOULD TRIP ON US....
COME.... I KNOW A PRIVATE PLACE
WOW!... HAS THIS CHICK GOT THE "HOTS" FOR ME!.. WAIT'LL THE GUYS BACK AT THE BASE HEAR ABOUT THIS

S'FUNNY...
MMMM??
I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR NAME
IT HARDLY MATTERS
SINCE I DON'T REALLY EXIST
OH CHRIST! WHAT'S HAPPENING??
WHERE AM I??!
MY GOD!
EVERYTHING'S FADING AWAY

SIR!!.... WE'VE MANAGED TO ISOLATE THE DESTRUCTIVE VIRUS!!
GOOD WORK THAL-VA-RAK!
THEN IT'S ACTUALLY SPREADING!!
HMPH!.. WHO WOULD BELIEVE SUCH A MINISCULE ORGANISM COULD CAUSE SUCH WHOLESALE DESTRUCTION?
BY A SIMPLE SEXUAL SUBTERFUGE WE WERE ABLE TO LURE IT WITHIN RANGE OF THE "FIELD" AND OUT OF ITS EXTERIOR COVERING.... AS YOU CAN SEE IT'S JUST AS WE FEARED!... IT'S OF THE SAME SPECIES WHICH HAS VIRTUALLY DESTROYED THE THIRD MODULAR UNIT OF THE NEIGHBORING STAR-SUN
FLASH
WELL IT'S EASILY REMEDIED! ...I'LL BUILD UP CRITICAL MASS IN BOTH OF THE "SUNS" CAUSING THEM TO "NOVA"!
...THIS WILL EFFECTIVELY ELIMINATE EVERY LIVING THING IN BOTH SOLAR SYSTEMS... IT'S NOT REALLY THAT MUCH OF A PROBLEM YET... BUT IF WE ALLOWED THE INFECTION TO SPREAD-AS IT APPEARS TO BE DOING-IT COULD EVENTUALLY DESTROY THE BALANCE OF THE ENTIRE PIECE!
AND AFTER ALL...
... BEAUTY "IS" BALANCE!
GALAXY
KINETIC SCULPTURE
BY BEE-HO-VAA
END

MELTON'S BIG GAME

THERE 'E IS! RIGHT ON SCHEDULE. THOSE BOYS AT GALACTIC HUNTS SURE KNOW THEIR BUSINESS!
THEY'D BETTER! THEY CERTAINLY CHARGE ENOUGH!
'ATTA BOY, STOP 'N' HAVE A BITE OF HORSEMEAT WHILE I READJUST THE RANGE-SURGE SETTING ... YER PRETTY BIG... I'LL GIVE YOU A FULL CHARGE!
WUFF
SNIFF
SNIFF
WHAM
MMUMPH
BLUMP

MELTON, M'BOY, YOU'VE JUST KILLED THE LAST OF THE GREAT HUNKUSORI!
WHAT A THRILL!
WROOWGH
GODDAMN!
FRAP
BLAM
BLAM
THUD
BETTER MAKE SURE THIS TIME.
BLAM BLAM

NOW, SET UP THE OL' CAMERA- ... EH?... WHAT'S THAT?
SSSSSS SLUMP
FOR GODDAMN CRYIN' OUT LOUD, THE BEASTIE WAS A FEMALE AND IS BIRTHIN'... NOW!
SQUEEEELLL
SQUEEELL
CAN'T HAVE NO HUNKUSORIS RUNNING AROUND AFTER I KILLED THE LAST OF 'EM!
FRAP
BLAM
FRAP
BLAM
UGH! WHATTA MESS! THE BLASTER WAS STILL ON FULL CHARGE. WELL IT WON'T SHOW FROM THE LEFT FRONT.
KING OF THE HUNTERS! WHAT AN HONOR!
CLICK

-SET THIS HERE ON ELECTRO SAW AND I CAN CUT THEM BIG HORNS LOOSE.
DAMN! THAT'S HARD STUFF.
BZZZZZZZZZ
BZZZZZZZZZ
MMMM, THAT ABOUT DOES IT... HUH? BLASTER'S PETERIN' OUT!
THOSE BIG SURGES SURE DRAIN THE BATTERY FAST!
BZZZZZZ-P
SSSSSST SSSSS!
OH WELL, I'M DONE WITH IT NOW... MAN OH MAN! WHATTA BEAUT!
I SURE LOVE HUNTIN'... IT'S A REAL MAN'S SPORT!...
THINK I'LL LIGHT UP WHILE I'M WAITING FOR TANNER.
HELL! HE'S LATE!
HE'D BETTER SHOW UP SOON IF I'M GONNA TAKE A NAP BEFORE THE PARTY TONIGHT!

DAMN SCAVULTURES!
THIS IS RIDICULOUS! I'M NOT GONNA PAY THEIR RATES FOR THIS KIND OF TREATMENT!
SERR· ROWGH!
RUFF RUFF
RUFF RUFF
MOTHER! THAT'S A GARFION! WHAT AM I GONNA DO?
FUCKIN' GUN'S NO GOOD!
TANNER!
GODDAMN YOU, TANNER!!

RUFF RUFF
TANNER!
RUFF?
TANNER, C'MON!
THE GARFION CAN'T GET UP HERE!
TANNER'LL FIND ME FROM THE RADIO BEACON IN MY BELT!
YAAAAAH! TANNER! TANNER!

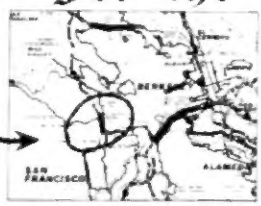
I'M SORRY TO BE SO LATE MR. MELTON. WE HAD A POWER FAILURE WHICH CAUSED AN UNAVOIDABLE DELAY -- OOOOPS!!
VVVRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRK
VVVRRRRRP!
SLAM!
I'M AFRAID MR MELTON WONT BE ABLE TO MAKE HIS SPEECH TONIGHT AT THE SPORTSMANS CLUB.
Alien Planet
WATCH YOUR STEP
THE END!

Jesus Loves You – Kill Yourself

The humiliation and joyless vapidity of daily existence, where life is only survival, is part of the *necessary* suffering, in accord with His plan, that will cleanse your soul for the after life to come.

So, brothers and sisters of the Cross; you who have accepted the Lord Jesus Christ into your hearts, who have forgiven your trespassers, and who regard the daily plate of shit as the Holy Sacrament of Fate – give that final testimony of Faith and

Leap For the Lord



Come, Children of God, to the Golden Gate Bridge, Sunday, October 6th, 1973, 7AM to the first annual *Meet-Your-Maker Marathon* and punctuate your life of rigorous devotion and conscientious self-denial with the *supreme* sacrifice.

Jump For Jesus !

(With regard to those sociopathic heretics who feel that boredom *isn't* the Will of God, but the necessary product of a society in which time is money, who say that it's the commodity economy and its capitalist pimps (forgive them Jesus!) that reduce men and women to mere objects in the order of things, and who have *not yet* recognized the impossibility of changing life on earth: *they* might be better off writing to those God-less malcontents at NEGATION (P.O. Box 1213 Berkeley, Ca 94701) to discuss such blasphemous matters.)

So as to dispell any unintended illusions let us, as a great Christian once said, make a few things perfectly clear:

It's not because we fear our own freedom that we'll submit to any degradation and to the authorities who enforce it, but because it is only in the *acceptance* of our destiny that any freedom can be found.

The amoral advocates of unbridled passion and world revolution are just *hellbound hedonists* who don't know that self-less renunciation is the only path to heavenly bliss. They say that our movement for spiritual rediscovery is an "emotional plague" that infects those whose daily squalor and anaemic will-to-live has made them despair about ever changing life. But how can it be: it's our only hope! Furthermore, let us rectify once and for all that *Satanic Untruth* that the religious excitation we get from being close to Jesus is only a sublimation of our repressed sexuality. After all, *every good Christian knows that genitals are TOOLS OF THE DEVIL and that orgasms are just revolting SEIZURES OF SIN experienced by those into whom the love of God has not penetrated.* And when the atheistic anarchists of today's wayward youth say that God only represents the projected image and repository of *man's* own alienated powers, the supreme but suppressed possibilities of people themselves, they mouth an *irredeemable sacrilege.*

For those who *do* know the Lord, the Kingdom of Heaven awaits you. Jesus died for *you*. You owe Him *at least* your life. So don't forget to join your enlightened brethren October 6th for The-Big-Baptism-In-The-Bay. See you there!

Power to the Passive !!

Central Committee
Christian World Liberation Front

GREETINGS, CITIZENS OF EARTH, FROM THE "INTERGALACTIC FEDERATION OF SUNS." WE WERE BEGINNING TO THINK THAT YOUR PLANET WAS UNINHABITED...
GNURF!!
GNURF?

SLOW DEATH

THE FUNNY-BOOK THAT PUTS A **FLIPPER** WHERE YOUR **FOOT** IS.